

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

The charming cottage they purchased on Knott's Lane Colne Lancashire seemed like the perfect sanctuary for Auntie Nelly and Uncle Fred. Nestled amidst rolling hills and surrounded by a thick forest, it exuded an air of tranquility that they desperately needed after the horrors of the war. Little did they know that their new home held secrets of the supernatural kind.

On their first night in the cottage, strange sounds echoed through the halls, as if invisible footsteps wandered aimlessly. Doors creaked open and shut on their own accord, and eerie whispers whispered secrets only the wind could hear. Uncle Fred dismissed it as an old house settling, but Auntie Nelly's intuition told her there was more to it.

Curiosity got the better of Auntie Nelly, and she delved into the local history of Colne. It didn't take long for her to stumble upon tales of ghostly apparitions and unexplained phenomena that had plagued the town for centuries. Knotts Lane, in particular, had a reputation for being a hotspot for supernatural occurrences.

Legend had it that a vengeful spirit, known as the "Bogart of Knotts Lane," haunted the area.

The Bogart was said to be a malevolent ghost, known for playing mischievous pranks on unsuspecting victims. It would hide belongings, create strange noises, and cause general havoc, leaving residents perplexed and fearful.

Undeterred, Auntie Nelly decided to confront the paranormal presence head-on. Armed with candles, sage, and a heart full of courage, she embarked on a journey to uncover the truth behind the hauntings. Uncle Fred, supportive but skeptical, stood by her side.

As the clock struck midnight, they lit the candles and began their ritual. The sage filled the air with its pungent aroma as Auntie Nelly called out to the spirits, pleading for answers. Suddenly, a cold breeze swept through the room, extinguishing the candles and plunging them into darkness.

In the shadows, a faint figure emerged, its features ethereal and translucent. The Bogart of Knotts Lane revealed itself, a mischievous grin stretching across its face. It danced and twirled, its ghostly presence both eerie and captivating.

Auntie Nelly summoned all her courage and spoke directly to the Bogart. She asked why it tormented the residents of Knotts Lane, why it refused to find peace in the afterlife. The ghostly figure paused, its playful expression turning somber.

Through whispers carried on the wind, the Bogart revealed its tragic tale. Centuries ago, it had been a misjudged soul, wronged by a powerful sorcerer who had cursed it to wander the mortal realm indefinitely. Its only hope for release was to pass on the curse to another unsuspecting victim, continuing the cycle of torment.

Touched by the Bogart's plight, Auntie Nelly and Uncle Fred vowed to break the curse. They sought the guidance of a wise old witch who lived on the outskirts of Colne, known for her mastery over the supernatural.

The witch shared her wisdom, revealing an ancient incantation that could lift the curse once and for all. With renewed determination, Auntie Nelly and Uncle Fred returned to Knotts Lane, armed with the knowledge to set the Bogart free.

Under the moonlit sky, they recited the incantation, their voices strong and resolute. As the final words escaped their lips, a burst of light erupted from the Bogart, illuminating the entire lane. With a sigh of relief, the spirit dissolved into the night, finally finding peace after centuries of torment.

From that day forward, Knotts Lane became a place of tranquility, free from the haunting presence that had once plagued it. Auntie Nelly and Uncle Fred, hailed as local heroes, continued to live in their beloved cottage, cherishing the bond they had forged with the paranormal world.

Their story echoed through the generations, a reminder that sometimes, in the face of the

unknown, it takes courage, compassion, and a touch of mysticism to bring light to the darkest corners of our existence. And so, the legend of the Bogart of Knotts Lane passed into folklore, a testament to the resilience of the human spirit and the power of love.

By Donald Jay